

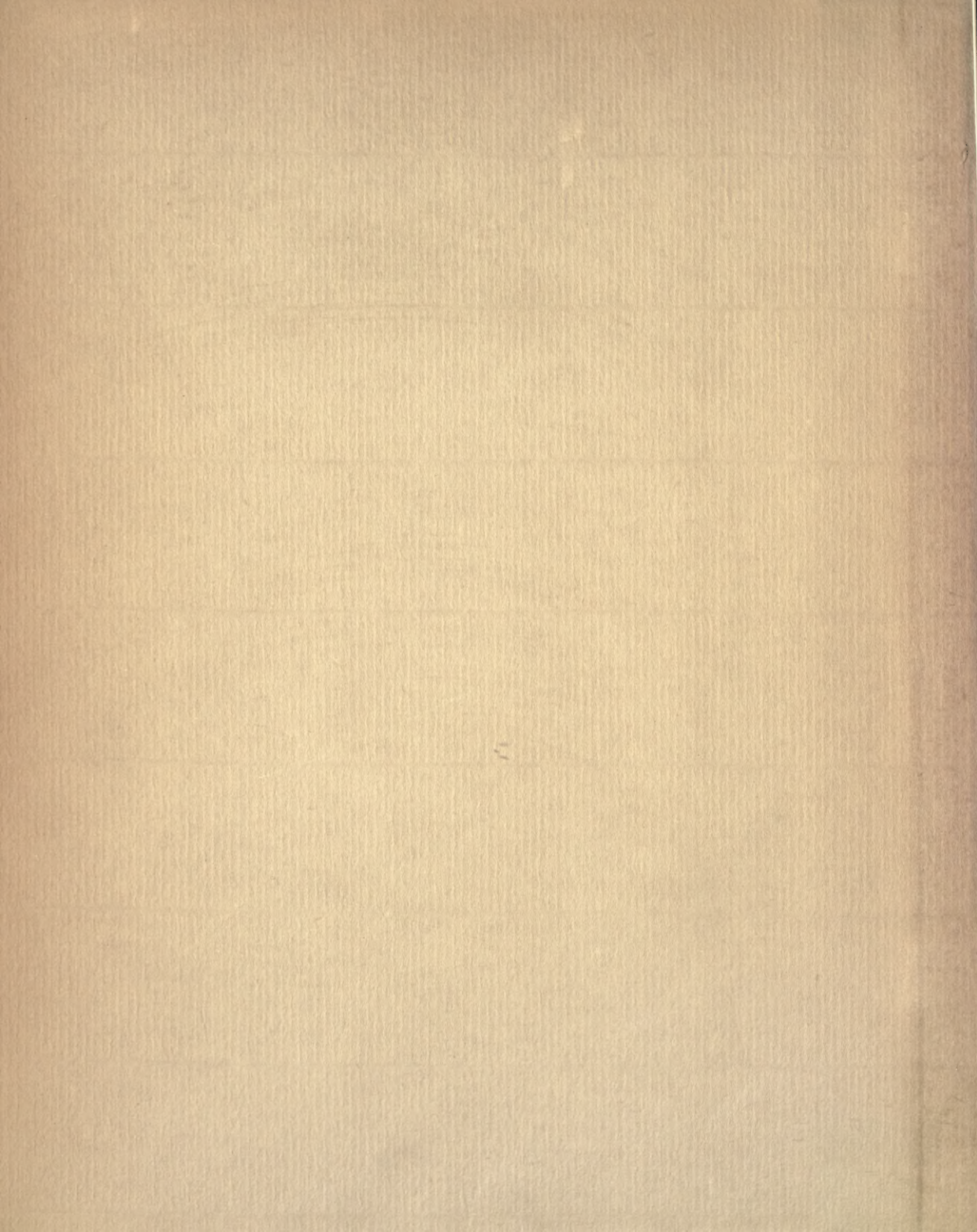
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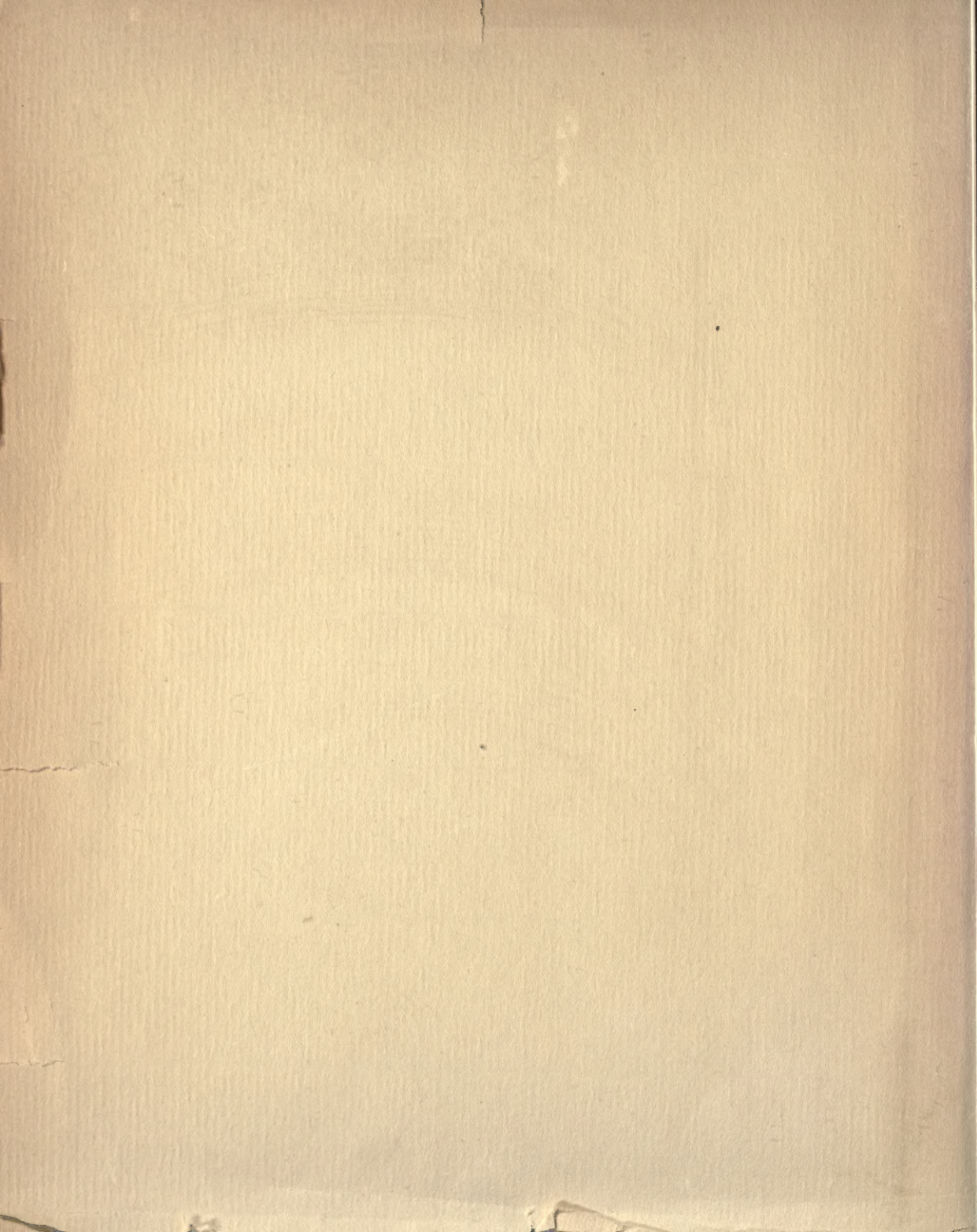




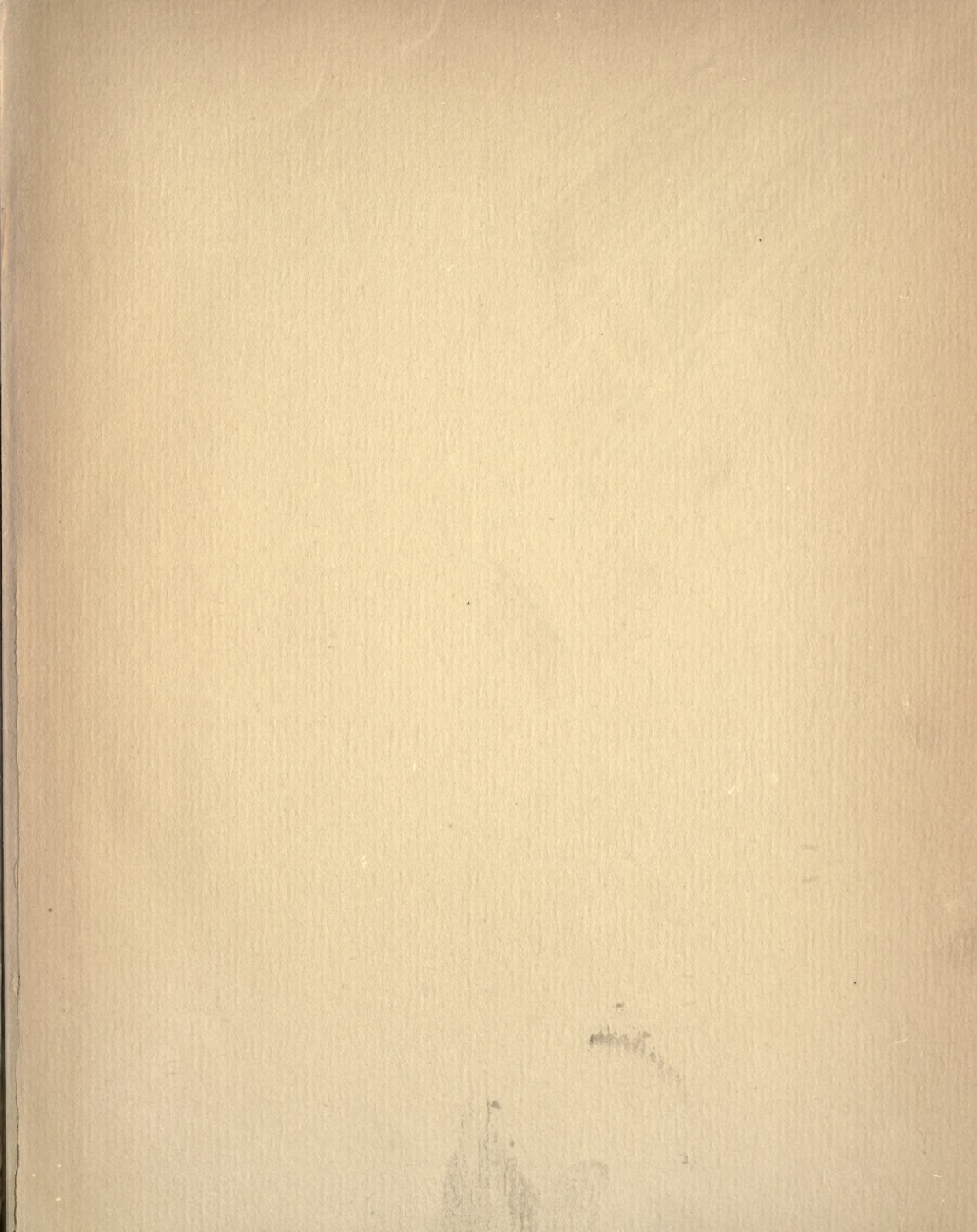


















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HORACE WART M.A. AT THE  
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# THE COBLER'S PROPHECY

I 594

[ by Robert Wilson ]



136569  
25/8/15

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS [No. 42]

1914





PR  
3190  
W7C6  
1914

This reprint of the *Cobler's Prophecy* has been prepared  
by A. C. Wood with the assistance of the General  
Editor.

Dec. 1914.

W. W. Greg.



The Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following entry :

viiij<sup>o</sup> Iunij [1594]

Entred for his copie vnder thandes of master warden Cawood / Cuthbert  
a book intituled / the Coblers prophesie . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup> C / Burbey

[Arber's Transcript, II. 653.]

The quarto, which appeared dated the same year, was printed for Burby by John Danter and bore on the title-page the words, 'Written by Robert Wilson. Gent.' It is printed in type approximating in body to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). There are copies in the British Museum (wanting sig. E), the Bodleian Library, the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the Dyce collection. Only the British Museum and Pepysian copies have the preliminary leaf (A 1), and only the Dyce copy has the blank leaf at the end (G 4). The British Museum, Bodleian, and Dyce copies have been used in the preparation of this reprint.

Of Robert Wilson very little is known. There seems to have been more than one person of the name connected with the stage. A Robert Wilson, who gained a great reputation as a comic actor, was an original member of the Earl of Leicester's company in 1574 and of the Queen's in 1583. A Robert Wilson also appears repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary as writing for the Lord Admiral's company from 1598 to 1600. The latter is probably the Wilson who is mentioned by Meres in 1598 as among the best poets for comedy, for his name appears in close conjunction with others who wrote for Henslowe. This Wilson can hardly be the same as the actor,



since, in his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, Thomas Heywood, whose connexion with the stage began at latest in 1596, mentions Wilson among the older generation of actors who flourished before his time. It is disputed which of the two was the 'Robert Wilson, yoman (a player)' buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on 20 November 1600, but there seems to be no evidence that the second was an actor as well as an author.

It is of course the elder Wilson to whom the ascription on the title-page of the present play must be taken to apply, since the style of the composition is certainly that of an earlier period. The only surviving work in which Henslowe's writer had a hand, *Sir John Oldcastle*, is of a much more modern type. It must also be the elder Wilson who is mentioned by Lodge in his *Defence of Poetry, Musick and Stage Plays*, published in 1580, as the author of a play on Catiline's Conspiracy, 'a peece surely worthy prayse, the practice of a good scholler,' but now lost.

Thanks are due to Mr. Gaselee, the Pepysian Librarian, for information concerning the copy in his keeping.



# LIST OF DOUBTFUL AND IRREGULAR READINGS.

10	Plenties rich] <i>so Dyce:</i> Plentie srich <i>B.M.,</i> <i>Bodl.</i>	400	mee?
11	sheauēs.	446	allthat
40	th'effectuall	463	<i>Mil:</i>
65	condemnatō	486	I war-(rant)] <i>Iw ar-B.M.:</i> <i>Iwar- Bodl., Dyce.</i>
69-70]	<i>not indented</i>	502	certaine
69	z:	506	Mocs
	faterday	513	<i>Eicho:</i>
71	thou. ( <i>substitute for</i> <i>whore.?</i> )	548	Ladies why] <i>there is a</i> <i>considerable space be-</i> <i>tween these words in</i> <i>the original</i>
72	out	558	<i>Cleo:</i>
86	And] <i>possibly A nd</i>		I,
110	keepe,	562	C odri,
120	<i>Mar:</i>	570	<i>Cleo:</i>
124 c.w.	<i>Raph.] so Bodl.,</i> <i>Dyce: R ph. B.M.</i>	595	rrim,
125	Prophet speaker?] <i>possi-</i> <i>bly Prophetspeaker?</i>	599	firft
128	odds.] <i>so Bodl.: Gods.</i> <i>B.M., Dyce.</i>	619	finke,
157	<i>thon</i>	622 c.w.	VVhy
158	<i>pace]</i> read <i>place</i> and cf. l. 950	644	<i>voice:</i>
194	prophe tation,	649]	<i>indented</i>
217	exelence.	653, 656	Ch:
231	<i>Soul:] read Cont: and cf.</i> l. 230 c.w.	659	andscornd,
250	<i>Prophecie.] a space before</i> <i>the point, possibly read</i> <i>Prophefies.</i>	662	<i>voices,</i>
251	iudgemeets	675	awhole
301	taskes	688	somuch
309]	<i>indented</i> before] <i>possibly b efore</i>	766	noth ing
375	exelent:	780-1]	<i>indented</i>
377	isscarfe	806	woondrous
378	afat	816	fit.
384	<i>Countr:] possibly read</i> <i>Cour: and cf. l. 385</i>	827	Munnerie?
398	Little] <i>first t doubtful</i>	831	Husbandmands,
		840	prouide] <i>read</i> prouided
		844	prouided] <i>read</i> prouide
		846	come,
		849	th
		859	behod.
		866	hap
		870	fee,
		873	Sat



- 879] *not indented*  
 897 the mercie] *possibly*  
     themercie  
 905 inough:  
 907 right,  
 918 Boætia,  
 923 fake.] *possibly fake,*  
 926 Rabb:  
 929 my in  
     warrant?  
 949 *thon*  
 960 hangrie  
 969 fouldiet.  
 970 c.w. VVhy  
 976 Loue,  
 983 vnkinde,  
 989-90] *indented*  
 1010 *loue*  
 1025 *Fife.*] *possibly Fife,*  
 1063 lighnes,  
 1069 Contempt.  
 1073 Cobler,  
 1088] *not indented*  
 1126 *Exit*  
 1127 *Entr*  
 1130 estate.  
 1151 noble  
 1171 trecherie,  
 1205 hoth  
 1216 Boætia,  
 1224 chaplin,  
 1240 exilde,  
     c.w. And] *no doubt a line*  
     *is omitted*  
 1241 Ay me] *possibly Ayme*  
 1260 godmothers,] *s doubtful*  
 1261 Oodfather  
 1263 Boætia  
 1268 *Mar:*] *read Mer:*  
 1280 hatch] *possibly h atch*
- 1301] *indented*  
 1306 *Eueunt.*  
 1307 *Scholler,*  
 1331] *not indented*  
     *wife*  
 1334-5] *stage directions in roman*  
     *type*  
 1338 *Du;*  
 1368 not] *a mark after this word*  
     *(clearest in Bodl.) is*  
     *probably accidental as*  
     *it seems to be outside*  
     *the measure*  
 1373 Boætia,  
 1384 speed,  
 1395 Boætia  
 1402 Boætiass  
 1403 *Sat;*  
 1422 ye minde,] *read ye to*  
     *minde,?*  
 1443 c.w. Bu  
 1447 alife  
 1449] *in roman type*  
 1469 *Sat;*  
 1480 uumber.  
 1485 Sound drums,] *in roman*  
     *type*  
 1488 *Cont;*  
 1500] *in roman type*  
 1510] *no c.w.*  
 1529 abiects  
 1536 Spitting] *first t doubtful*  
 1538 abhord,  
 1598 Boætia  
 1617 Afresh] *possibly A fresh*  
 1621, 1626 Boætia.  
 1634 Boætian  
 sig. F 2 *misprinted I 2*  
 sigs. F 2 and F 3, *running title*  
     *Coblers*

As a rule there is a colon after speakers' names, whether these are abbreviated or not, but this is very frequently omitted in the case of *Raph.* Where a semi-colon has been substituted for the



colon it is noted in the above list. A full stop sometimes appears in place of a query-mark at the end of interrogative sentences. A lower case 'w' is often found at the beginning of verse lines and even of speeches. In the running title the spellings *Propbesie* and *Prophecie* appear promiscuously.

The only certain instance of variation between copies is that in l. 128, where the Bodleian copy offers the corrected text. The instances in ll. 10, 124 c.w., 486 may all be due to imperfect locking of the type. Note that the initials in the ornament on A 3 recto have not printed properly in the British Museum copy, from which the collotype plates have been made. The block used in the reprint is from the Bodleian copy, which agrees in this detail with that in the Dyce collection. No initials appear in the similar ornament on the title-page.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CERES.		CODRUS.
MERCURY.		a Porter of Mars'.
RAPH COBLER.		a Herald.
ZELOTA, his wife.		VENUS.
SATEROS, a soldier.		MARS.
CONTEMPT, alias Content.		FOLLY.
a Country Gentleman.		NEWFANGLE.
a Scholar.		a Duke.
EMNIUS, a courtier.		RU } waiting maids to Venus.
THALIA	} three Muses.	INA }
CLIO		a Messenger to the Duke.
MELPOMINE		a Prisoner.
CHARON.		a Priest.

Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan, Diana, Niceness, Dalience, Jealousy, the infant Ruina, and the Duke's daughter.  
N.B.—In l. 1362 and subsequently Emnius is called Ennius.





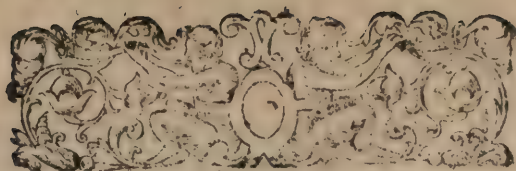
# THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilson. Gen.



Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert  
Burbie: and are to be sold at his thop nere  
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



# THE COBLERS Prophesie.

*Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo after  
him, Bacchus, Vulcan bringing, and after all Diana winged  
her Lands: they passe by, while on this stage Mercurie from one  
and Ceres from another meete.*

## CERES.

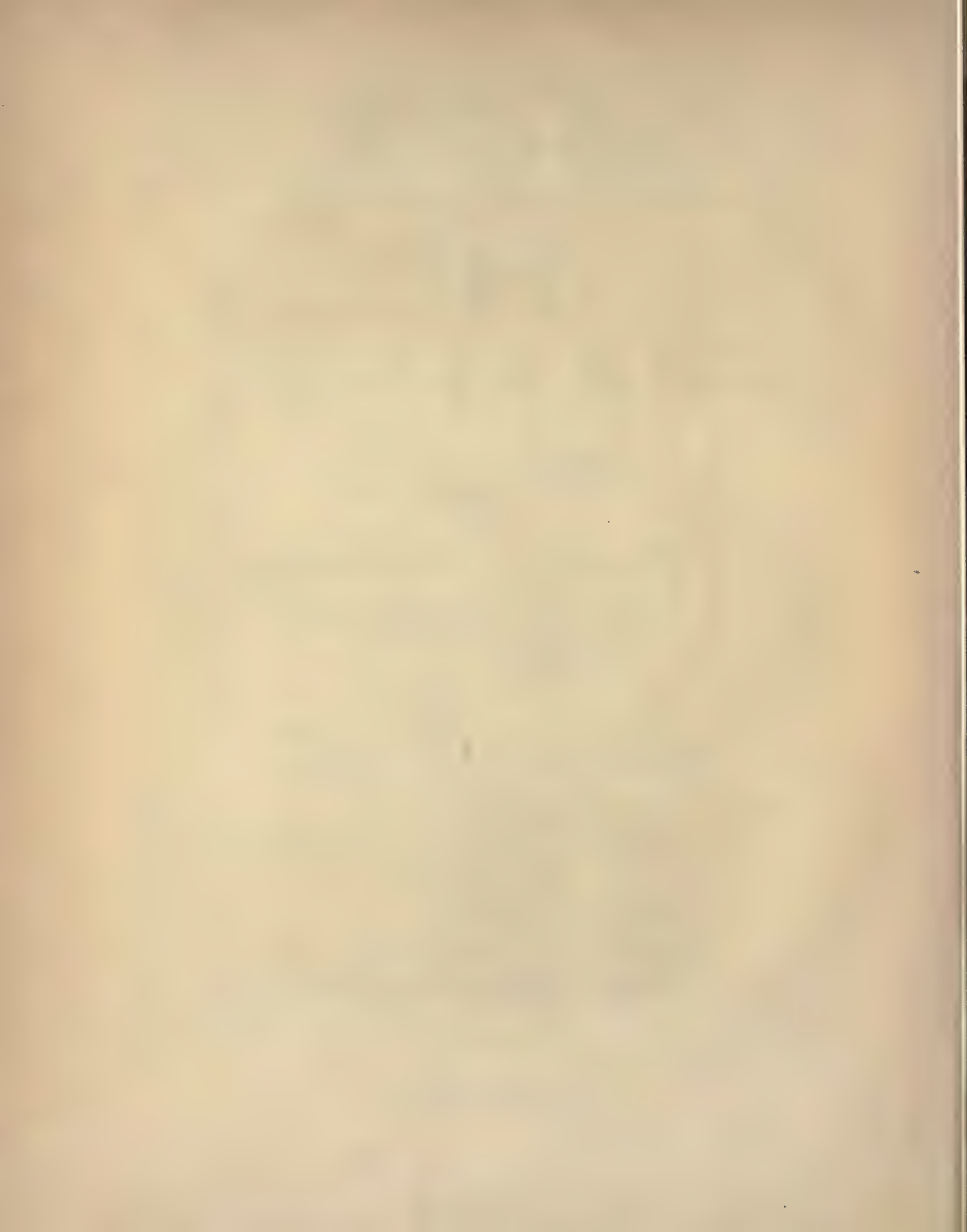
**F**resh Mayas sonne, fine wicrafts greatest God,  
Herrald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:  
Tell, for thou wilst, why these celestiall powers  
Are thus assembled in Beccotia.

*Aferemie:* Plentie rich Queene, cheerer of fainting soules,  
V whose Altars are adorne with ripend sheaves,  
Know that securitie thine nurse of sinne,  
Hath bred content pt in all Beccotia.  
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,  
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impure iudge,  
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods,

A 3

Heauen







A









# THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilfon. Gent.



Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert  
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop nere  
the Royall-Exchange.

1594



THE  
BIBLIOTHECA  
MUSEI  
HISTORICO-NATURALIS  
MUSEI



1881



# THE COBLERS Propheſie.

*Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after ſc. i  
him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing  
her hands: they paſſe by, while on the ſtage Mercurie from one  
end Ceres from another meete.*

C E R E S.

**F**Reſh Mayas ſonne, fine witcrafts greateſt God,  
Herrald of heauen, ſoule charming Mercurie:  
Tell, for thou wiſt, why theſe celeftiall powers  
Are thus aſſembled in Bœotia.

*Mercurie:* Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting ſouls, 10  
VVhoſe Altars are adorne with ripend ſheaves.  
Know that ſecuritie chiefe nurſe of ſinne,  
Hath bred contempt in all Bœotia.  
The old are ſcorned of the wanton yong,  
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,  
Rend downe the Altars ſacred to the Gods.



*The Coblers Propheſie.*

Heauen is long ſuffring, and eternall Powers  
Are full of pitie to peruerſeſt men:  
which made the awful Ruler of the reſt,  
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States: 20  
The firſt was Iupiter, Iuno with him,  
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,  
His Harneſſe is conuerted to ſoft ſilke,  
His warres are onely wantonings with her,  
That ſcandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,  
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,  
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,  
The laſt poore Cynthia making woeful mone,  
That ſhe is left ſweet virgin poſt alone.  
I am but meſſenger, and muſt not denounce 30  
Til the high ſenate of the Gods decree it,  
But ſacred Ceres, if I may diuine,  
In heauen ſhall Venus vaunt but little time.

*Ceres:* So pleaſe it mighty Ioue the doome were iuſt,  
Amongſt that holy traine what needs there luſt.

*Mercurie:* I ſee a ſort of wondring gazing eyes,  
That doo await the end of this conceit,  
whom Mercurie with waſing of his rod,  
And holy ſpels inioines to fit and ſee,  
th'effectuall working of a Propheſie. 40

*Ceres:* And Ceres ſheds her ſweeteſt ſwetes in plentie,

*Caſt Comfets.*

That while ye ſtay their pleaſure may content ye.  
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,  
Doo what thou canſt in wanton luſts diſgrace.

*Mercurie:* Ceres I will, and now I am alone  
will I aduiſe me of a meſſenger

That will not faint: will not ſaid I?

Nay ſhall not faint ſent forth by Mercurie.

I am reſolud, the next I meete with be it he or ſhe, 50  
To doo this meſſage ſhall be ſent by me.

*Enter Raph Cobler with his ſtoole, his implements and ſhooes,  
and*

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*and sitting on his stoole, falls to sing,*

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,

hey downe downe a downe a,

Our beauty is the brauest Lasse in all the towne a:

For beauties sweete fake, I sleepe when I should wake,

shee is so nut browne a.

Her cheekes so red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,

So that I cannot choose in cobling of my shooes,

60

but sing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

*Zelota his wife within.* (your fashion.

*Zelota:* Go too Raph youle still be singing loue songs its

*Raph:* Content your selfe wife, tis my own recantation,

No loue song neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnatiō

*Ze:* well year best leaue singing and fall to work by & by  
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie. (way.

*R:* And you were best leaue your scolding to, & get you a-

*z:* And I come to you Raph, Ile course ye as I did a faterday

*R:* Course me snowns, I would thou durst come out of dore, 70

And thou dost Ile knock thee on the head thou arrant thou.

was not this lustily spoken? I warrant she dare not come out

*Enter Zelota.*

*Ze:* Ile see what yeele doo, where are yee goodman Lout?

*He creepes vnder the stoole.*

*Ra:* O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the stoole.

*Ze:* wheres this prating Ass, this dizzardly foole.

*Mer:* why here I am Dame, lets see what thou canst say,  
Bestirre your Distaffe, doo the worst ye may.

*Ze:* Alas that euer I was borne to see this sight,

80

My Raph is transformed to a wicked spright.

*Ra:* Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the stoole.

*Mer:* Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.

I am a sprite indeede, a fiend which will pursue thee still,

Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.

And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,

I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,

Thou henceforth shalt be mad:

And



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

And neuer shall thy foolish braine cut off this franticke fit,  
Till with thy hand vnwillinglie thou murder doe commit. 90

*He charmes her with his rod.*

*Rap:* Nay she is mad enough alreadie,  
For she will doe nothing with me but fight,  
And ye make hir more mad, shele kill me out right.

*Zel:* Make me mad Raph, no faith Raph,  
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,  
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be gollippe,  
The childe shall not be christned to night.  
Goe to the back-house for the boy,  
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home. 100  
Ile buy no plumme porredge,  
Ile not be made such a mome.  
And because thou hast a fine rod Raph,  
Ile looke in thy purse by and by :  
And if thou haue any money in it,  
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.

*Here she runnes about the stage snatching at euerie thing  
shee sees.*

*Raph:* Out of doubt she is mad indeed,  
See what a coyle she doth keepe, 110

*Mer:* Raph she shall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her  
fast a sleepe.

*Zel:* Come Raph, lets goe sleepe, for thou must mend  
Queene Guiniuers shooes to morrow.  
I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

*Exit.*

*Mer:* So sleepe thy fill, now Raph come forth to mee.

*Raph:* Come forth quoth he marrie God bleffe vs.  
Now you haue made my wife mad what shal become of me ?

*Mar:* Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee. 120

*Rap:* VVell Ile trust you for once, what say yee. (bed

*Mer:* Raph hie thee home, & thou shalt finde vpon thy  
Attire that for a prophets fute shal stand thee in good stead  
A prophet thou must be and leaue thy worke a while.

*Raph.*

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Raph* A Prophet speaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle.  
What are you, I pray?

*Mer:* I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

*Raph* And I am Raph Cobler, twixt vs there is some odds.  
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoritie  
To take a free man of his companie, 130  
And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,  
And when ye set him a worke giue him nothing for his labor.

*Mer:* I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.  
Ile please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

*Raph* Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

*Mer:* We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

*He charmes him with his rod asleepe.*

Not farre hence standeth Mars his Court,  
to whom thus see thou say,

*Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,  
that wontst to croe by day,*

140

*And with thy sharpned spurres  
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:  
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,  
and make thy fethers gay:*

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,  
shall flilie thee betray,  
And tread thy Hen, and for a time  
shall carrie her away.*

*And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,  
this Countrey to decay.*

150

*And for this pretie Pullets name  
thou shalt the better learne:*

*When thou shalt onelie letters fine  
within one name discerne,*

*Three vowels and two consonants,  
vbich vovvels if thou scan,*

*Doth sound that vbich to euerie pace  
conducteth euerie man.*

*B*

*Then*



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Then call to minde this Prophecie,*

160

*for thats the bastards name:*

*Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,  
and win thy wonted fame.*

Now Raph awake, for I haue done  
the taske for which I came.

*Exit.*

*Raph stretches himselfe, and wakes.*

*Raph* Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,  
for I haue slept soundly :

And me thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,  
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.

170

Above me thought I saw God Shebiter,  
that marlously did frowne,

VVith a dart of fier in his hand  
readie to throw it downe.

Below me thought there were false knaues  
walking like honest men verie craftely :

And few or none could be plainly seene  
to thrue in the world by honestie.

Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,  
Picke two mens purses while they were striuing for a gnat.

180

And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,  
Kept backe shops to vtter their baddest ware.

VVhat meddle I with trades? Men masters and maids,  
Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,

Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad.

But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,  
And ran away from the takers tallants.

The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,

For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill.

And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe  
that lowd bellowing did make,

190

I lost fight of all the other trickes,  
and so sodainly did wake.

But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,  
Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashion.

*Exit.  
Enter*

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming  
himselfe Content.*

*Sc. ii*

*Sat:* Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,  
Against the Persian and the Asian Powers:  
The cole-blacke Moore that reuels in the Straights  
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood.  
My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes:  
My wrinckles in my face (made old by care,  
VVhen yet my yeres are in their chiefeft prime)  
Are glasse of my griefe, lights of my languor,  
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor.

200

*Cont:* I am the admiredst in Bæotia,  
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

*Sat:* Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,  
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee.

210

*Cont:* I am of power more than all the Gods  
To fit and rule the harts of all degrees.  
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see  
A present instance in these entring men.

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Scholler, and  
a Countrey Gentleman.*

*Contr:* Haile to Contents diuineft exelence.

*Schol:* Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

*Cour:* Though last I am not least in duteous kindnes  
To thee Content although thou be no God,  
Yet greater in account than all of them.

220

*Schol:* But if ye knew his name wer *Olygoros*, which signifieth  
Contempt, you would not mistake him, and name him Content.

*Cont:* O Mas scholler be patient, for though you like not my  
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward  
with the discourse intended at our last meeting: and in that con-  
ference this Gentleman a souldier, I presume will make one.

*Cour:* Being a foldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-  
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

*Sat:* I thanke you fir.

230



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Cont.* —*Soul.* Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he disdaines him for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

*Schol.* To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

*Soul.* I kindly thanke you sir.

*Enter Raph.*

*Raph* Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Panem nostrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

*Cont.* As thou art.

240

*Raph* As I am? No ye little goofecap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a message to the blundring God of the thundring warre, to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars: twill come nere your nose little God I can tell ye.

*Cont.* Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

*Raph* VVill they spout? whereon?

*Cont.* He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

*Raph* And I of Prophecie.

250

*Cont.* No, thou and I will fit still, and giue our iudgements of this controuerfie.

*Raph* VVell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, thats flat.

*Cont.* Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

*Emn.* First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend futers, praying, paying, and promising more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times ex- 260  
pect.

*Raph* Thats true, for I was a futer three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

*Emn.* At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowship of diuine-  
est

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

est beautie, and sweete consort of louely Ladies, who but the Courtier is called? while the Scholler sits all day inuenting syllogismes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare souldier here carrowfing among his prating companions. 270

*Soul:* Why a souldier of desert (as with no other doo I comfort) can be no lesse than a Gentleman, and some Courtiers are scarce so much. Desert I denie not is oft preferd, but oftner flatterie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable: but in this plaine sute haue I been, where you dare not with all your filkes.

*Emn:* VVhy I haue been where thou dardest not come.

*Soul:* I thats in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

*Raph* A word with ye Mas souldier.

280

*Soul:* Now fir.

*Raph* Tis cause the Mercer will not trust ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a sponce for ye, youle neuer out till you bee torne or fired out.

*Soul:* How ere despised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, I rescued the colours of Bæotia. I haue had hony words and some reward, too little to bestow among my maimed souldiers. Souldiers obserue lawes, therein appears their iustice, at least equalling the scholler: bring Princes to thraldom, then triumphing ouer courtiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the most they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In briefe, they are the swords of heauen to punish: the salue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number being not the meanest, I thinke my selfe nothing inferiour to anie of these Gentlemen. 290

*Raph* But thou hast made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stealing away his Hen.

*Countr:* Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey liue a King, my Tenaunts (as vassailes) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to displease mee, than diuers of you Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie taskes to be leuied, I tuch not mine owne store, for on them I take it: and I 300



*The Coblers Propheſie.*

may ſay to you with ſome ſurpluſage: my wood they bring  
me home, my hay and corne in harueſt: their cattell, ſeruants,  
ſonnes, and ſelues, are at my commaund.

*Schol: O iure, quaque iniuria.*

*Raph* Nay and you ſpeake Latin, reach me my laſte.  
Harke ye mas Scholler, harke ye.

The time ſhall come not long before the doome,  
That in deſpite of Roome,  
Latin ſhall lacke,

310

And Greeke ſhall beg with a wallet at his backe.  
For all are not ſober that goes in blacke.  
Goe too ſcholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

*Contr:* At my liſt can I rack their rents, ſet them to fines, bind  
them to forfeits, force them to what I pleaſe. If I build, they bee  
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good  
looke they are content to endure any trauell.

*Raph* But for all this ill and wrong,  
Marke the Coblers ſong.

320

The hie hill and the deepe ditch,  
VVhich ye digd to make your ſelues rich,  
The chimnies ſo manie, and almes not anie,  
The widowes wofull cries,  
And babes in ſtreete that lies,  
The bitter ſweate and paine  
That tenants poore ſuſtaine,  
Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine,  
When burning fire ſhall raine,  
And fill with botch and blaine  
The ſinew and each vaine.

330

Then theſe poore that crie,  
Being lifted vp on hie,  
VVhen you are all forlorne,  
Shall laugh you lowd to ſcorne.  
Then where will be the ſchollers allegories,  
VVhere the Lawier with his dilatories,  
VVhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie.

Bethinke me can I no where els,

But in hell where Diues dwels.

But I see ye care not yet,

And thinke these words for me vnfit,

And gesse I speake for lacke of wit:

Stand aside, stand aside, for I am disposed to spit.

*Cont:* Be quiet Cabler, lets heare the Scholler speake.

*Raph* I giue him retoritie: to it.

*Schol:* VVhat the Courtier dreamingly possesse, the Countrey Gentleman with curffes, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enioy without controll. In my studie I contemplate 350  
what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thousands doo with pikes, I strike him that sees me not.

*Raph* I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come behinde one.

*Schol:* I see the height of heauen.

*Raph* But thou makest no hast thither.

*Schol:* I view the depth of hell.

*Raph* Is there anie roome in hell for curst wiues and Coblers shops.

*Scholler:* Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my 360  
companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende on mee. I possesse pleasure more than mortall, and my contemplation is onely of the life immortall.

*Courtier:* But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the Court Scholler, and not be curious of the meanes, for all your coynesse.

*Scholl:* I will not acquaint you fir with my intent, for they are fooles that in secret affaires are too familiar, know this, that I intend to awaite occasion. 370

*Soldier:* Faith Master Scholler yet it stands not with your protestation.

*Countrie Gentleman:* Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt after your rude fashion.

*Soldier:*



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Soul:* Alas fir, you must needes be exelent: for Piers & Plaine your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheefe is feldom denied to anie, when your small beere is scarce common to manie. You know what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Gra-fier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as well as the Stapler.

380

*Countr:* VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine owne?

*S:* I alls thine owne that comes in thy hands.

*Countr:* Sir you would make enough of it in yours to.

*Soul:* I master Courtier, thats to deale as you doe.

*Schol:* This fouldier is as rough as if he were in the field.

*Soul:* VVhere you would be as tame.

*Cont:* Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.

*Soul:* VVhere I frequent this habit serues my turne: and as goodly a sight were it to see you there in your filkes, as the schol- 390-  
ler skirmishing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman riding on a fat Oxe with a mole spade on his necke.

*Raph:* VVhat, riding running, brauing, bralling,  
I see ye passe not for a Prophets calling:  
Therefore I will not bee so mad,  
To cast Pearles to swine so bad.

*Cont:* Prethee Raph stay a little.

*Raph:* Little little seeing God, I shall see you in a spittle. *Ex.*

*Con:* Your disputation being done Gentlemen, which hath highly contented mee? what will ye now doo?

400

*Emn:* Marry we will all to the eighteene pence Ordinary, how say ye Gentlemen?

*Countr:* No fir, not I, tis too deere by my faith.

*Schol:* VVhy you shall be my guest for this once. How saye you master fouldier?

*Soul:* No fir I must turne one of your meales into three.  
And euerie one a sufficient banquet for me.

*Cour:* Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yee should haue bin my guest, for your talke would haue serud well for the table.

410

*Soul:*

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Soul:* Thats a practife of thine owne arte: it makes thy companie borne withall, where otherwife thou wert no fit gueft, for tales at fome tables are as good as tefterns.

*Cour:* Nay then I perceiue yee grow chollericke, come fir.

*They proffer to goe in.*

*Cont.* VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God.

*All three:* Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we fhew our felues dutifull.

*Con:* Tis enough, fare yee well.

*Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.*

420

*Contempt:* Now fouldier, what wilt thou doe?

*Sould:* Faith fir as I may.

*Cont:* VVilt thou ferue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou fhalt not want.

*Sould:* No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler faid, I abhorre and defie thee.

*Con:* Euen as the child doth wormefeed hid in Raifons, which of itfelfe he cannot brooke: fo thou canft not abide my name, but loueft my nature: for prooffe, wanting liuing raylft on the City, greeuft at the country, yea grudgeft at the King himfelfe: 430 thou faift thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a fuplication for bettring thy eftate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy felfe be iudge, all which thou eftemeft not off, fo thy owne want be fupplied.

*Sould:* Contempt herein thou reafoneft like thy felfe,  
Bafe minded men I know there are in field,  
That doe delight in murder, rape and blood,  
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,  
And enuious fnakes among the fleeting fifh:  
But for the noble fouldier, he is iuft  
To punnifh wrongs, protect the innocent,  
VVeaken the tyrant, and confirme the right,  
VVant cannot make him bafely mutinous,  
VVealth cannot make him proudly infolent,  
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,  
And he is foe to allthat loue contempt.

440

C

*Cont:*

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Contempt:* Then Sateros thou art no mate for mee. *Exit.*

*Souldier:* No, Vpstart scorners are fit slaues for thee. *Exit.*

*Enter* Clio, Melpomine, *and* Thalia : Clio *with a penknife,* Sc. iii  
Melpomine *being idle,* Thalia *writing.*

*Thalia:* Clio a pen. 451

*Clio:* Both pen and quill I misse.

*Thalia:* One Elstridge penne yet in my penner is,  
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

*Melpomine:* The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the wearers be.

*Thalia:* Melpomine lend me a pen.

*Melpom:* Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

*Enter* Raph Cobler.

*Thalia:* Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men. 460

*Raph:* Foole? no foole neither though none of the wisest Dame,  
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

*Mil:* Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

*Raph:* Raph Cob.

*Clio:* ler, speake out.

*Raph:* Ye ha it yfaith.

*Thal:* A pen a pen in hast,  
That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

*Raph:* Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene  
mens way for burning my vestment. 470

*Thal:* A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

*Clio:* Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

*Raph:* If I had a pen as I haue none,  
For I vse no such tooles,  
Thou shouldst haue none an it,  
For at my first comming thou caldst me foole.

*Tha:* A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

*Clio:* Hold theres thy pen.

*Raph:*



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Raph:* But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you  
make pens so fast trow we. 480

*Enter souldier.*

*Clio:* O sifters shift we are betraid,  
Another man I see.

*Souldier:* A filly man at your commaund,  
Be not afraid of me.

*Raph:* No, no, tis the souldier, heele doo yee no hurt I war-  
rant yee.

*Melpom:* To see a man come in this place,  
It is so strange to vs,  
As we are to be held excusde, 490  
That are amazed thus.  
But art thou a souldier?

*Sould:* Yea Lady.

*Mel:* The better welcome vnto me.

*Tha:* Not so to me.

*Raph:* And what am I?

*Tha:* Be whist a while, Ile tell thee by and by.

*Raph:* Thats some mends yet for calling of me foole.

*Sould:* Thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the sight of three  
such Goddeffes on the sodaine, hath driven mee into certaine 500  
muses.

*Eccho:* certaine muses.

*Soul:* Especially being alone so sollitarie in this wood.

*Eccho:* In this wood.

*Raph:* Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

*Eccho:* Mocs thee.

*Raph:* Mocks me much.

*Eccho:* Much.

*Soul:* Hold thy peace good Raph.

*Eccho:* Good Raph. 510

*Raph:* Raph, thats my name indeede,  
But how shall I call thee?

*Eccho:* I call thee.

*Raph:* Dost thou: Mas and Ile come to thee, and

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

I knew where thou art.

*Eccho:* Thou art.

*Raph:* Art : faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part.

*Eccho:* Part.

*Raph:* Part : Ile come.

520

*Eccho:* Come.

*Raph:* Faith and I will, haue at thee.

*Exit.*

*Mel:* Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke : and this artificiall eccho, hath told thee what we are : certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here.

*Sould:* Your names good Ladies ?

*Melp:* Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

*Sould:* Might I without offence intreate three things, I should be greatly bound.

530

*Melp:* VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands.

*Sould:* First would I request of this Ladie, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

*Tba:* Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose : the men which now doe minister me matter to write, are nere of the nature of the Estridge : who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast : she is greedy, deuouring and disgesting al things, and builds hir nest in sand : so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beastly things on earth : downe to the which their Camels necks doe draw their verie noses : greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and disgesting the widdowes wrongs, Foolish, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, demaund the rest.

*So:* Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle, and let Thalia take the paine.

*Mel:* On geeres and gests the world is onely set,

550

For

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

For me there is no worke no tragicke scene,  
Battailes are done, the people liue in rest,  
They shed no teares but are secure past meane.

*Sould:* VVhy lend you not *Thalia* then some pens?

*Mel:* My pens are too too sharpe to fit hir stile.

I shall haue time to vse them in a while.

*Sould:* But gentle *Clio*, me thinks your inke is dry.

*Cleo:* It may be well, I haue done writing I,

*Sould:* VVhat did you register when you did write?

*Clio:* The works of famous Kings, and sacred Priests, 560

The honourable Acts of leaders braue,

The deeds of *C odri*, and *Horatij*.

The loue *Licurgus* bore to Spartans state,

The liues of auncient Sages and their sawes,

Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.

Now there is no such thing for to indite

But toyes, that fits *Thalia* for to write.

*Sould:* A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,  
Are there no worthie things to write as were of old.

*Cleo:* Yes diuers Princes make good lawes, 570  
But most men ouer slip them.

And diuers dying giue good gifts,

But their executors nip them.

*Mel:* *Tisiphone* is stepping to the stage, and she hath sworne  
to whip them.

*Sou.* The third and last thing I require is if you can:  
shew me the mightie *Mars* his court.

*Mel:* VValk hence a flight shoot vp the hill,  
And thou shalt see his castle wall.

*Soul:* Ladies the gifts that I can giue, 580  
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.

*Exit.*

*Mel:* Farewell pore souldier.

*Clio:* *Thalia* now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you  
cald for pens euen now so hastely, to end?

*Tha:* Twas thus: *You know the Gods long since sent downe,*  
*Pleasure from heauen to comfort men on earth,*



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Pleasure* abuzde in country Court and towne,  
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,  
Made humble sute that he to heauen might passe  
Againe, from world where he so wronged was.  
His sute obtaind, and ready he to clime,  
Sorrow comes sneaking and performs his deede,  
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,  
Tis paine that masks disguisde in pleasures weede.  
The Pageant's thus, with cost and cunning rrim,  
That worldlings welcome Paine in steede of him.  
Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this should goe,  
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men swill woe.

590

*Melpo:* Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where  
you end.

600

I haue incke inough and pens good store.

*Clio:* Perhaps the world will mend.

*Mel:* I would it would.

*Clio:* VVhy if it should you faile in your account.

*Thalia:* Then you perhaps will haue some worke.

*Clio:* Tush come lets mount the Mount.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Raph Cobler *whooping.* *Sc. iv*

*Ra:* VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body  
see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and  
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarse  
againe. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath  
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call  
againe to haue a fight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

610

*Enter* Charon.

*Charon:* Againe, I and againe too, I trow,  
VVhat night and day no rest but row?

Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,  
For if thou stay a while I thinke,  
There will come so many my boate will sinke,

*Ra:* Ouer stix I and ouer stones,

620

Heres a question for the nonce,

VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

VVhy

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

C: VVhy Charon Ferriman of hell.

Ra: VVhy what a diuel doo I with thee?

*Three or foure vvithin:* A boate, a boate, a boate.

C: Harke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell with mee.

*A ſmall voice:* A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra: This ſhould bee the voice of a woman, comes women thither too.

C: why men & women euery houre, I know not what to do.

*A great voice:* A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This ſhould be the voice of ſome great man.

C: VVhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Iudges more than I number can,

But the couetous miſers they fret me to the gall,

I thinke they bring their money to hell,

For they way the diuel and all.

Ra: Mas and may well be, for theres little money ſtirring on the earth.

*A voice baſtilie:* Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for thy hire.

C: VVhy what art thou that makſt ſuch haſt?

*voice:* The Ghoſt of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as neuer Frier was,

Therefore good Charon let me be firſt,

That ouer the Foord ſhall paſſe.

C: Come firra, thou hearſt what a calling they keep wilt thou goe?

Ra: VVhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I geſſe, VVhy I am no ſpirite but liuing Raph,

And God Markedie ſends me of buſines.

Ch: Tuſh, if thou be ſent of God, we cannot hold thee farewel.

*Enter Codrus.*

*Codr:* Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: Thee? VVhy what art thou, that liuing ſueſt to go to hell?

*Codrus:* The wretchedſt man of wretches moſt that in this wretched world doth dwell:

Diſpiſde,

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

Diſpiſde, diſdainde, ſtarude, whipt and ſcornd,  
Preſt through diſpaire my ſelfe to quell,  
I therefore couet to behold if greater torment be in hell:

660

*All the voices,* A bote, a bote, a bote.

*Cha:* I come, I come.

*Rap:* Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

*Cha:* Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wiſh thee wel,  
Theres ſcarcelly roome enough for rich,  
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall  
That parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

Becauſe I ſee as thou art pore thou art impatient,

670

To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ile be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for thers commiſſion gone

For workemē, that haue power to make Elyſium & Limbo one,

And there are ſhipwrights ſent for too, to build me vp a bigger

A bote ſaid I? nay awhole hulke:

(bote,

And that the ſame may ſafely flote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell,

I tel thee now comes ſiue or fixe.

680

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful blindnes now become.

So thou muſt come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome.

*Raph:* I pre thee tel me one thing.

*Ch:* That I wil Raph whats the matter?

*Rap:* Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou vſe  
ſomuch the water?

*Cha:* O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,  
I cannot waſh it off. Codrus farewell.

690

*Co:* Charon Adieu.

*Exit.*

*Ra:* Botefman?

*Ch:* Hagh.

*Exit.*

*Ra:* Theres a ſcoffe, thats a waterman indeed.

VVell



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

VVell I must to God Mars for all this,  
I would I could meete my fouldier agen.

*Exit.*

*Enter Emnius Courtier solus.*

*Sc. v*

*Emn.* Euen as the Eagle soares against the funne,  
And spite of Phoebus shine, pries in his face :

Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VVhale,  
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,

700

So Emnius thoughts intending to aspire

Sore gainst the funne, and fleete in wrathfull yre :

The Duke the funne that dazles Emnius eyes,

The Duke the hugie VVhale that ouer-beares mee,

But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,

And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.

The lesse suspected sooner shall I strike him,

And this my reason is for I mislike him.

His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,

710

But I disdaine her were shee fairer farre :

Tush tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,

The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre.

And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?

And therefore who should perishe but the Duke?

Shortly a solemne hunting he intends,

And who but I is put in chiefeest trust?

VVell Ile be trustie if my Pistol hold,

In loue and kingdomes *Ioue* will prooue vniust.

He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,

720

And so shall winne a Crowne by one mans slaughter.

Suppose he haue beene kinde, liberall and free,

VVhy I confesse it, but its my desire,

To be as able to bestow as hee,

And till I can my hart consumes in fire.

O foueraigne glory, chiefeest earthly good,

A Crowne! to which who would not wade through blood.

Then ruthles of his life doo I resolute,

D

To

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,  
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Emnius raigne,  
VVere he my father or a dearer friend.

730

Teares shall not hinder, praiers shall not intreate mee,  
But in his throne by blood I soone will seate mee.

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie  
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with  
a pensill and colours.*

*Sc. vi*

*Raph:* Art thou one of God Mars his traine?  
Alas good father thou art lame,  
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,  
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustie,  
Thy bill I thinke be broken too.

740

*Porter:* Friend make not thou so much adoo,  
My lamenes comes by warre,  
My armours rustines comes by peace,  
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,  
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

*Raph:* And what are you? A Painter with your pensill and  
your colours braue?

*Her:* No Painter but a Herrald firrha to decipher a Gentle-  
man from a knaue.

750

*Raph:* Pray sir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one  
man, and yee can sir, I pray you doo it in me.

*Her:* Indeed I cannot in thy selfe,  
For all is knaue that is in thee.

*Raph:* Sing one two and three, sing after mee,  
And so shall we right well agree.

*Soul:* Sir take no heed what he doth say,  
His foolish humor you doo see,  
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

*Her:* I am.

760

*Soul:* I should haue rather tooke you to haue beene,  
Appelles prentise, you were with colours so prouided.

In

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

In auntient times haue Heralds beene esteemd,  
And held companions for the greatest Kings.  
Augustus Cæsar made a law, so did Antonius too,  
That without Herralds graue aduice Princes shoulde noth ing  
doo.

*Her:* VVell then was then, these times are as they be.  
VVe now are faine to wait who growes to wealth,  
And come to beare some office in a towne.  
And we for money help them vnto Armes,  
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

770

*Sould:* A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs I intreate,  
VVhere might we finde adored Mars.

*Her:* From hence fir you to Venus Court must passe,  
Adowne the hill, the way is steepe, smooth, sleeke as any glasse.  
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis  
Aske Nicenes for she best can tell where hir faire Lady is?  
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made,  
Rush boldly in, stand not to aske and neuer be afraide.

780

*Soul.* At Venus Court fir doe you say that Mars is to be found?

*Por:* Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our  
harts it be a wound,

For searching as wee bid you fir,  
No doubt a wondrous hap,  
But you shall finde God Mars a sleepe,  
On Lady Venus lap.

This one thing more, you cannot come  
The way you thither passe:

790

Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and slipperie all as glasse.  
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus Court is beggerie.  
There are more waies, but they are worse and threaten more ex-  
tremitie.

*Her:* I thats for such as thither passe,  
Of pleasure and of will:  
But these for other purpose goe,  
Doubt therefore fir no ill.



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Soul:* I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.

*Ra:* I and Ile end with a Prophecie for your good will: 800

You thinke it is a pleasant iest,  
To tell the times of peace and rest,  
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,  
Into the hundreds shall decline,  
Then shall they speake of a strange time:  
For it will be a woondrous thing,  
To see a Carter lodge with a King.  
Townes shall be vnpeopled seene,  
And markets made vpon the greene:  
This will be as true I tell yee all, 810  
As Coblers vse the thred and nall.  
And so because that all men are but morter,  
I leaue the paltrie Herrald and the Porter.

*Soul:* I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thanks I take  
my leaue.

*Her:* Adiew good fit.

*Por:* Farewell vnto you both. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Contempt and Venus.* *Sc. vii*

*Con:* Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine  
beloude. 820

*Venus:* Ah my Contempt it will be spide too soone,  
So shall our pleasures haue a bitter end.  
Prouide some place for I am big with childe,  
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt espie.

*Cont:* Sweet Venus be affurde, I haue that care  
But you perchaunce will coylye scorne the place.

*Venus:* What ist some Abbie or a Munnerie?

*Con:* No they abound with much hypocrisie.

*Ven:* Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers house?

*Con:* Too much resort would there bewray your being. 830  
*Venus:*

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

*Ve.* Some Huſbandmands, ſome Inne, ſome cleanly ale-houſe.

*Con:* Neither of theſe, a Spittle louely Loue.

*Ven:* What where foule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,  
Their ſtinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.

*Cont:* Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,  
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?  
Procters them ſelues in euerie Spittle houſe,  
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

*Ven:* But I haue ſeene euen verie meane mens wiues,  
Againſt their child-birth ſo prouide for,  
As all their huſbands wealth was ſcarce the worth  
Of the fine linnin vſed in that month.  
And ſhall not Venus be as kindelie vſde.

840

*Con:* It muſt be as we may, Ile goe prouided  
And ſpie my time flylie to ſteale thee hence.

*Exit.*

*Venus:* Awaie for Mars is come,

*Enter Mars.*

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

*Mars:* Walking about th garden time for to beguile.  
VVheras between niſenes your maide & newfangle your man, 850  
I heard ſuch ſport as for your part, would you had bin there than.  
Quoth nicenes to new fangle thou art ſuch a lacke,  
That thou deuifeſt fortie faſhions for my Ladies backe.  
And thou quoth he art ſo poſſeſt with euerie fantike toy,  
That following of my Ladies humor thou doſt make hir coy,  
For once a day for faſhion ſake my Lady muſt be ſicke,  
No meat but mutton or at moſt the pinion of a chicke,  
To day hir owne haire beſt becomes which yellow is as gold,  
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.  
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke ſhe wilbe bold. 860  
To morrow cuſſes and countenance for feare of catching cold.  
Now is ſhee barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on hir muſſler goes,  
Now is ſhee huſt vp to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe.  
Theſe ſeuen yeares truſt me better ſport I heard not to my mind.  
The Dialogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.  
*Venus:* And thou haſt found hir all alone, half ſickly by ill hap

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,  
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee.

*Mars:* And so they haue.

*Venus:* They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you see, 870

*Mars:* I see some sawcie mates presse in: Nowe firs what  
would you haue?

*Sat* Be not offended fir, we seeke God Mars.

*Mars:* VVhy and Mars haue you found fir, whats your will  
with him?

*Raph:* Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you  
for a morris dauncer you are so trim.

*Mars:* VVhat fayer the villaine?

*Sa:* If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see  
thy bodie lapt in soft filke which was wont to bee clad in hard 880  
steele, and thy head so childishlie laid on a womans lap. Pardon  
I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and  
vouchsafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliuers the petition, Mars takes and reads it, meane  
while Venus speakes.*

*Venus:* Rough shaped fouldier enemie to loue,  
VVhy dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,  
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,  
Or reacht far off by dastard darters arme,  
Breathes forth his spirite with a booteles cry, 890  
Leauing behinde his earths anatomic:  
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,  
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,  
And she is rauisht while hir yongling bleeds.  
Yet to abide deaths stroake doth quaking stand.  
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,  
Deiected at the mercie of the wolfe,  
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,  
That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,  
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth: 900  
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,  
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,

And



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,  
whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

*Raph:* You need not plaine your laps full inough:

*Sould:* Faire Venus be propitious I will fight  
To maintaine true loue and defend the right,

*Venus:* On that condition souldier I am won,  
Receauue this fauour, Mars let it be done.

*Mars:* Sateros, I haue receiued thy supplication, and sorrow 910  
I cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. If I should  
oppose my selfe against the Gods, they would soone set fire on  
my feat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriso-  
ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wan-  
tonnes, in prison, are warre wreake and woe, their keeper is won-  
der; who once giuing way to libertie for those he holds; shall set  
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the  
Duke of Boætia, commend vs to him, when he can he will im-  
ploy thee I am sure, let that be thy answere for this time, and fo  
good Sateros be contented.

920

*Sat:* I humbly take my leaue adored Mars,  
Proue a good night Rauens Venus I intreat.

*Venus:* Farewell pore souldier weare that for my sake.

*Sa:* Of both your Godheads dutious leaue I take.

*Venus:* And when goe you fir?

*Rabb:* VVho I? Good Lord there hangs a matter by.

*Mars:* why what are you? get gone or I will send thee gone.

*Raph:* I pray you beare a while, gentle master mine,  
And you shall heare my in speech I warrant?

*Venus:* Goe too fir foole, lets heare what you can say.

930

*Raph:* And shall I warrant yee to your cost my Lady do-little.

*Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,  
that wontst to crow by day,  
And with thy sharped spurres  
the craven Cockes didst kill and slay:  
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,  
and make thy fetters gay:*

A

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,  
shall flilie thee betray,  
And tread thy Hen, and for a time  
shall carrie her away.  
And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,  
this Countrey to decay.  
And for this pretie Pullets name  
thou shalt the better learne :  
When thou shalt onelie letters fwe  
within one name discerne,  
Three vowels and two consonants,  
vvhich vowels if thou scan,  
Doth sound that vvhich to euerie place  
conducteth euerie man.  
Then call to minde this Prophecie,  
for thats the bastards name :  
Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,  
and win thy wonted fame.*

940

950

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,  
And so farewell fine Master and nice Dame. *Exit.*

*Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to staie him.*

*Mars:* A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?  
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,  
And fill the world with bloodshed and with rage.

960

*Venus:* My Lord, my Loue.

*Mars:* Venus I am abusde.

*Venus:* VVhy will yee trust a foole when he shall speake,  
And take his words to be as Oracles?

*Mars:* But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

*Venus:* Aye mee!

Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,  
And nere let Lady trust a fouldiet.

*Make as if shee fwounds.*

970

VVhy

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Mars.* VVhy faintst thou Venus? why art thou distrest?  
Looke vp my loue, speake Venus, speake to me.

*Venus:* Nay let me die, sith Mars hath wronged me.

*Mars:* Thou hast not wrongd me, Mars beleeuēs it not.

*Venus:* Yes, yes, base Coblers vtter Oracles,  
And al are sooth fast words against pore Loue,

*Mars:* I will beleue no words, they are all false:  
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,  
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.

*Venus:* Now comes your loue too late, first haue you flaine 980  
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.

*Mars:* I will doe pennance on my knees to thee,  
And beg a kisse, that haue bin so vnkinde,

*Venus:* And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?

*Mars:* I know it doth? sweet forgiue my fault:

*Venus:* I will forgiue ye now ye beg so hard,  
But trust me next time Ile not be intreated.

*Ma:* Now hast thou cheard my drooping thoughts sweet loue,  
Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,  
Sing one sweet song, thy voice will rauish me. 990

*Venus:* Follie come forth.

*Enter Follie.*

*Follie:* Anone forsooth.

*Venus:* Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the rest bring  
forth their Musicke Mars intends to sleepe.

*Follie:* I will forsooth.

*Exit Follie.*

*Mars:* I thinke in deede that I shall quickly sleepe,  
Especially with Musicke and with song.

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and  
Iealozie with Instruments, they play vvhile Venus sings.* 1000

*Sweet are the thoughts that harbor full content,  
Delightfull be the ioyes that know no care:  
The sleeps are sound that are from dreames exempt,  
Yet in cheefe sweetes lies hid a secret snare,*

*E*

*Where*



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Where loue is wacht by prying iealous eyes,  
It fits the loued to be warie wise.*

*Follie:* Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleepe.

*Enter Contempt, and kisse Venus.*

*Sing: Sleepe on secure, let care not tuch thy hart,  
Leaue to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,  
So wantons deale, when they their faires impart  
Rome thou abroad for I intend to range:*

1010

*Yet wantons learne to guide your ruling eies,  
As no suspect by gazing may arise.*

*Venus:* Hold on your Musicke, Follie leaue thy play,  
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee.  
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.  
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,  
And mocke God Mars vnto his sleepe face.

*Con:* Venus agreed, play vs a Galliard.

1020

*Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leap ouer Mars, and making  
bornes at euerie turne, at length leaue him.*

*Mars:* Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,  
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.

*Follie holds still the Fife.*

Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.

*Follie plaies againe.*

What still so nere my eare, sweet Venus sing.

*Sing:* where is she?

Out foole, what doos my head vpon thy knee?

1030

*Follie:* Forsooth my Mistris bid me.

*Mars:* Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,  
And neuer speake againe except I see hir:

Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone.

*Exeunt duo.*

Or perrish slaues, before my angrie wrath.

*Follie:* Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.

*Mars:* Away yee foole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,  
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie.

*Exit Follie.*

*Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.*

1040

*New:* My Lord we cannot finde hir any where.

*Mars:* Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,  
Mars will not suffer such abhord disgrace.

*Enter Follie.*

Wheres Venus Follie, prethee tell me foole?

*Follie:* Forsooth shees lun away wid a man called Contempt.

*Mars:* What hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?  
Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my fight.  
Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,  
Away yee hel hounds, Ministers of shame,  
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

1050

*All runne away.*

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre.  
Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,  
Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,  
You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,  
The plague of mankinde, and the wrath of heauen,  
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,  
By you the peopled townes are deserts made:  
The deserts fild with horror and distres.  
You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,  
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,  
Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,  
The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums,  
Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,  
And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes.  
These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,  
Will Mars leaue off, and fute him selfe in steele,  
And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

1060

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

I will purfue vnto the depth of hell. 1070  
Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,  
VVhich nought but Venus ruine fhall affwage. *Exit.*

*Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Cobler, Sc. viii*

*Duke.* Well doe I like your reasoning Gentlemen,  
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,  
The learned is preferrde, the fouldier fhall not want,  
But Sateros, yee muft forbear a while,  
I cannot yet imploy ye as I would:  
Meane time attend the Court you fhall haue pay  
To my abillitie and your content. 1080

*Sat:* Thanks to your highnes.

*Duke:* Scholler lead him in.  
Be kinde to him he is a fouldier.  
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,  
VVe muft haue pleafant warre anon with beafts.

*Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.*

*Raph:* VVhen will thefe fellowes make an end.  
*Duk:* Depart my friends, I haue a little bufines  
VVith this pore man that doth attend to fpeake with me.

*Exeunt Scholler and Sateros. 1090*  
Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

*Raph:* You are the Duke of all this land,  
And this I wifh yee vnderftand;  
That Princes giue to many bred  
VVhich with them fhorter by the head.  
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,  
whofe flattering tongue hath many blamde.  
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,  
Your worthy meaning for to feele.

And



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

And quaintly romes your person nie,  
willing to see it fall and die.  
You haue a Daughter faire and trim,  
He loueth her and she loues him.  
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,  
So are his secret treasons hid :  
He dares not once his passions moue,  
For feare your highnes should reprove.  
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,  
That he desires so faire and cleare :  
He coueteth your dignitie,  
And therefore this intendeth hee.  
To day you meane to hunt in wood,  
And for he doth pretend no good :  
He hath with shot intended ill,  
And meanes your noble Grace to kill :  
I that desire for to explaine,  
The manner of your Graces paine.  
Giue counsell ere the deed be done,  
That you may al deceiuing shun :  
I see that Emnius commeth nie,  
My protestation quickly trie.  
And if you finde as I haue faide,  
That you should be by him betraide :  
Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,  
You warning of this mischiefe gaue,  
So leaue I you to search the flaue.

1100

1110

1120

*Exit*

*Enter Emnius the Courtier.*

*Emnius:* My honorable Lord, the traine attends,  
All things are readie for your highnes sport :  
And I am sent from other of estate.  
To pray your Grace to haue your wonted presence.

1130

*Duke:* Emnius they must attend a while,  
For I haue secrets to impart with thee :

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Emnius:* Say on my Honorable Lord to me.

*Duke:* Thou knowst we must vnto the wood.

*Emnius.* True my most Gracious Lord.

*Duke.* Suppose there were a traitrous foe of mine,  
VVhat wouldst thou doe to rid me from my feare?

*Emnius:* Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,  
Before he should one thought of comfort haue.

1140

*Duk:* But tell me Emnius, didst thou see a tree,  
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,  
And by the straightnes of the trunke they grow too hie.  
wouldst thou oppose thy selfe against the tree,  
And worke the downefall ere the fall should be.

*Emnius.* I would regard no hight to claime the fruite  
That should content me, but attempt to clime  
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,  
Alone and naked to obtaine my will.

*Duke.* I am right ioyous you are so resolute,  
Such Courtiers should become a noble Prince.  
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,  
That secretly attempted my distresse,  
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?

1150

*Emnius.* Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,  
My resolution to defend your Grace.

*Duke:* And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

*Emnius:* A Dag my Lord?

*Duk:* I man denie it not,  
I know ye haue a Dag preparte for mee.

1160

*Emn:* I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.

*The Duke takes it from him.*

*Du:* Yes Emnius poure thy selfe into thy selfe,  
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes.  
wearst thou this Dag to iniure any beast?  
Bearst thou these bullets for a foemans life?  
Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,  
To reauce his life that giues thee life and breath?

*Em:* Gainst beasts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,  
He is not so beaftlie and abhominat,

1170

As

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,

*Du.* So ſmiles Hiena, when ſhe will beguile,  
And ſo with teares deceiues the Crocodile.  
Are not theſe tooles prepared for my end?  
Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?  
Haue I for this maintained thy eſtate,  
Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,  
To be rewarded with ingratitude,  
with murder, trecherie, and theſe attempts?  
And all in hope to win my realme and childe.  
I will not ſhew thy finne vnto the world,  
But as thou didſt intend, ſo ſhalt thou fall.

1180

*Emnius kneeles downe.*

Receiue thy death, deſertfull man of death,  
And perrish all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

*Em:* welcome my death, deſertfull I confeſſe,  
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes bleſſe.

*The Duke raiſes him vp.*

*Du:* Heauens pardon thy intent, and ſo doe I,  
Be true hereafter, now thou ſhalt not die.  
Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,  
Murder of meanest men brings ſhame, of Princes more.

1190

*Exit.*

*Em:* O that ſame Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,  
And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,  
Reueald this practiſe, but Ile ſtab the ſlaue,  
And he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mercurie vvith a Trumpet ſounding, and two of Venus &c. ix  
vvaiting maids, the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a  
Child.*

1200

*Mer:* Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus *alids*  
luſt, hath long challenged a preheminece in heauen, and been  
adored with the name of a Goddeſſe, the Sinode of the Gods  
being aſſembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, diſcoue-  
red



*The Coblers Propheſie.*

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they hoth were taken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant; and ſince that, many other eſcapes conſidered. But laſtly and moſt eſpecially, her publike adulterie ſhe hath committed with that baſe monſter Contempt they haue all conſented, and to this decree firmèd; that no more ſhall Venus poſſeſſe the title of a 1210  
Goddeſſe, but be vtterly excluded the compaſſe of heauen: and it ſhalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the deteſted name of luſt, or ſtrumpet Venus: And whoſoeuer ſhall adore Contempt or intertaine him, ſhalbe reputed an enemy to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre ſhalbe rayſed againſt Boœtia, and victorie ſhall not fall on their ſide, till the Cabbin of Contempt be conſumde with fire. Giuen at Olimpus by Iupiter and the celeftiall Synode.

*Ru:* Ill tidings for my Lady theſe.

*Ina:* Ill newes pore babe for thee.

1220

*Mer:* VVhat who are theſe?

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

*Ru:* Faith ſhe is a pure virgin indeed,  
For the childe ſhe had by Venus chaplin,  
Is a big boy and followes the Father.

*Ina:* And ſo are you a maide too, are ye not?  
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,  
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother.

*Mer:* Then I perceiue ye be both maids for the moſt part.

*Ru:* well for our maidenheads it ſkill not much.  
For in the world I know are many ſuch.

1230

*Ina:* I Mercurie I pray let that goe,  
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but ſo.  
And in our Ladies cauſe we doe intreate  
To know, if that be true thou didſt proclaime?  
Or was it ſpoken but of pollicie,  
To fright vs whome thou knewſt to be her maides.

*Mer:* As true as neither of you both are maides  
So true it is, that I haue vttered.  
The ſentence is ſet downe, Venus exilde,

1240

And

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Ina:* Ay me poore babe for thee.

*Mer:* Whose child is that you beare so tenderly?

*Ru:* My Ladies child, begotten by contempt.

*Mer:* O is it so, and whether beare you it?

*Ina:* To nurse.

*Mer:* To whom?

*Ru:* Vnto securitie.

*Mer:* Is it a boy or girle, I praie ye tell?

*Ina:* A girle it is.

*Mer:* Who were the godmothers?

1250

*Ru:* We two are they.

*Mer:* Your names I craue.

*Ru:* Mine Ru and hers is Ina.

*Mer:* And whether name I praie yee beares the girle?

*Ina:* Both hers and mine.

*Mer:* And who is godfather?

*Ru:* Ingratitude that is likewise the grandfather.

*Mer:* Ruina otherwise called Ruine the child,

Contempt the father, Venus alias lust the mother,

Ru and Ina the godmothers,

1260

Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,

And Securitie the nurse,

Heeres a brood that all Boætia shall curse.

Well damfels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh

Will treade your yong one vnder foot.

*Ina:* 'Tis Mars, O let vs flie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mars in Armor.*

*Mars:* Now Mars thou seemest lyke thy selfe,

Thy womens weeds cast off,

Which made thee be in heauen a scorne,

1270

On earth a common scoffe.

*Mars.* O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,

That blazest forth this strumpets iust reproofe?

O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

F

I would

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

I would reuenge me of indignities:  
Now Mercurie, I minde a propheſie  
A ſimple fellow brought me on a day,  
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,  
How that a crauen cocke ſhould tread my hen,  
And ſhe ſhould hatch a chicke this countrie to decay, 1280  
The baſtards name he tolde me too,

But it was riddle-wiſe,  
Helpe me to ſearch it Mercurie,  
I know thee quicke and wiſe,  
When I ſhould onely in a word  
Fiue letters iuſt diſcerne  
Three vowels and two conſonants,  
The name I ſoone ſhould learne:  
But thoſe ſame vowels hee dyd bid,  
That I ſhould duly ſcan, 1290  
And they would ſignifie the way  
That guideth every man.  
Haſt thou not heard of ſuch a thing?

*Mer:* Yes, and dyd ſend that propheſie,  
And euen as thou cameſt hether  
The baſtard and the godmothers  
Were in this place together.

*Mar:* Were they in deed, where are they now?  
Ile ſearch, Ile follow them.

*Mer:* Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found, 1300

*Ruina* is the baſtards name. R.N. the conſonants,  
V, I. and A. the vowels be, and *Via* is the waye.

*Mars:* Now haue I found it Mercury, thou haſt reſolud me  
I wyll raiſe warre, I will aduenged bee,  
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge ſhalt ſee.

*Mer:* I will go and do my beſt for thee. *Eueunt.*

*Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.*

*Sc. x*

*Raph:* Tis true ô Duke, that I do ſay,

He



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

He still would make thy lyfe away,  
He is too frolike and too lustie,  
Thou too simple and too trustie,  
Warres shall in thy lande begin,  
For pride, contempt, and other fin,  
Nothing shall appease heauens ire,  
Til the cabin of Contēpt be set on fire  
And wantonnes with lewd desire,  
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,  
The Cobler has no more to say,  
But for the peoples sinnes, good princes oft are tane away.

1310

*Du:* Well, Godamercie fellow, go thou in. *Ex. Raph.* 1320

*Sch:* He raues my Lord, its ill aduifd of you  
To suffer him so neere your princely excellence.

*Du:* His preface breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, mur-  
ther, Raph comes running out,  
Ennius after him with his dagger  
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the  
Coblers wife, who snatches the  
dagger from Ennius, and runs ra-  
uing.

1330

*Ze:* What Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife  
What a gilden sword and a siluer knife?  
There, there Raph, put it vp.

Why so? She stabs Ennius, and he fals dead.  
What so? Why where am I? She stands againe sodainly amazde.

*Raph:* Faith where ye ha made a fayre peece of worke.

*Du:* Lay holde on them, what violence is this,  
To haue one murdred euen before our preface?

I 2

*Sch:* What

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

*Sch:* What cauſe haſt thou to kill this Gentleman? 1340

*Zel:* None in the world, I neuer knew him I.

*Raph:* No faith ſhees mad, & has beene euer ſince I was a prophet, and cauſe ſhe ſawe a dagger without a ſheath, ſhe euen put it vp in his belly.

*Du:* Why what acquaintance haſt thou with this womã?

*Raph:* O Lord ſir, ſhe has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine cares, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

*Sch:* The lykelyer may it like your grace of his conſent, Twere good they both did ſuffer puniſhment. 1350

*Du:* Commit them both, but ſhe has long bin mad, It may be heauen referud her to this end.

*Sch:* Come ſirra you and your wife muſt goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or conſent.

*Raph:* O ſir, whether you will I am content, God Merkedey has ſerud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and ſayd ſhee ſhould not be well, Till by her hand a traitor fell, And I muſt euen be hangd for companie.

*Exeunt with the Cöbler and his wife 1360*  
*ſome beare out Ennius bodie.*

*Du:* I doe not geſſe the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iuſt heauens in theyr ſeueritie, Haue wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie.

*Enter Scholler and Meſſenger.*

*Sch:* Here is a meſſenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet ſtate.

*Du:* What are they ſelow, let vs heare theſpeak. Spare not

*Meſſ:* The Argiues and the men of Theſſaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coaſt, 1370 They burne, waſt, ſpoyle, kill, murther, make no ſpare, Of feeble age, or harmleſſe infant youth, They vow to triumph in Boætia, And make your Highnes vaſſall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

The people fall before them as the flowring grasse  
The mower with his fyth cuts in the meade,  
Helpe your poore people, and defend your state,  
Else you, they, it, will soone be ruinate.

*Du:* I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers, 1380  
And our abilities shall giue consents;  
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,  
Meane while let Sateros be called for,  
To muster vp the people with all speed, *Exit Duke.*

*Scb:* Now see I that this simple witted man,  
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,  
The Gods when we refuse the common meanes  
Sent by their oracles and learned priests,  
Raife vp some man contemptible and vile,  
In whom they breath the purenes of theyr spirits, 1390  
And make him bolde to speake and prophecie.

*Enter Sateros the souldier.*

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,  
The Duke intends that you shall leade to field  
The powers of Boætia gainst his foes,  
Are you prepard, and willingly resolut?

*Sat:* Why you sir by your pen can do as well  
I know tis nothing but *Fac simile.*

*Scb:* Souldier, stand not on that, discharge your duetie,  
The countrie needs our seruice and our counsell, 1400  
Ile doo my best, and do you your indeuor,  
For publike quiet and Bocetias honor.

*Sat:* Well I forget your scornes giuen me in peace,  
And rate all enuie at an humble price,  
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,  
Armes will not Art, Art should not armes reiect.

*Scb:* A blessed concord, I will to the Duke,  
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre.



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Enter hastily the Countrie Gentleman.*

*Count:* O fir, I haue bin seeking ye all day, 1410  
And greatly do I praise my fortune thus to meete yee.

*Sat:* In good time fir, be brieft I pray.

*Count:* You do remember me I hope.

*Sat:* Not verie well I promise ye.

*Count:* Lord fir, and you bee aduifde, I was one of them  
that reasoned before contempt, when you defended war,  
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

*Sat:* I remember in deede such a reasoning, before that  
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

*Count:* O Lord fir yes, by that token we went afterward 1420  
to the Ordinarie.

*Sat:* True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was  
not able to reache commons, and so was cashierd out of  
your companie.

*Count:* Twas against my will Ifaith : ye sawe I was ano-  
ther mans guest.

*Sat:* Its no great matter. But whats your busines wyth  
me now, that you seeke for me so hastily?

*Count:* Marie fir there is warres toward, do ye not heare  
on it? 1430

*Sat:* Thats to too sure.

*Count:* And I feare by reason of my wealth I shall bee  
chosen for a Captaine ouer some Companies.

*Sat:* And what of that?

*Count:* Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre  
you to serue in my place. Ile please ye well.

*Sat:* The Duke wantes men fir, and therefore must yee  
serue your selfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-  
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale  
kindly with ye, ye shal haue some of me, here take it, be not 1440  
nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horse and furni-  
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the busi-  
nes askes speed.

*Count:* Bu

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Count:* But I hope ye will not deale so with me?

*Sat:* But I am sure I will, therefore dispatch on perill of your life.

*Count:* Why what alife is this, that such as I must serue?  
A shame on warres for me that ere they were. *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prifoners with weapons.

*Sat:* Why now fellowes, what are you?

1450

*Raph:* What souldier, do not you know me?

*Sat:* Yes Raph, but what are these?

*Raph:* Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin mued vp, & now the exclamation goes we shal haue wars, we are all fet at libertie, and sent to you to be traild vp.

*Sat:* Why wert in prifon?

*Raph:* I faith I prophesied so long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer thats flatte, after I haue done beeing a souldier, Ile to cobling a-  
gaine. 1460

*Sat:* So doest thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in.

*Prif.* Faith fir for nothing but riding another mans horse.

*Sat:* That was but a small matter.

*Raph:* A thing of nothing, for when he had stollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

*Pri:* Faith thats euen the truth on it.

*Sat:* I thinke you all haue bin of such condition,

But now betake you to another course,

1470

The Duke hath given you life and libertie,  
Where otherwise your deeds deserued death,

If now you doo offend vnder my charge,

Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,

Death on the next tree without all remission,

And if ye like not this I will returne yee

From

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,  
Speake, will ye liue and serue as true men should?

*All:* I, I, I.

*Raph:* I am fure ye take me for none of theyr uumber. 1480

*Sat:* No Raph, thou shalt be still with mee,  
I haue an hoast of worthie souldiers  
Readie to march, to them now will I goe,  
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.  
Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Contempt, Venus following him, bee pushing her from sc. xi*  
*him twice or thrice.*

*Cont;* Awaie thou strumpet, scandall of the world,  
Cause of my sorrow, author of thy shame,  
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt, 1490  
In vncouth places loathed of the light,  
Fit shroude to hide thy lustfull bodie in,  
Whose faire's distaind with foule adulterous fin.

*Ven:* Ah my Content, proue not so much vnkind,  
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,  
I will go with thee into hollow caues,  
To desert to the dens of furious beasts,  
I will descend with thee vnto the graue,  
Looke on me loue let me some comfort haue.

Contempt still turnes from Venus. 1500  
What not a word to comfort me in wo?  
No looke to giue my dying heart some life?  
Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but scornes, disdaines?  
Woe to my pleasures that haue brought these paines.  
Haue I for this set light the God of warre,  
Against whose frownes nor death nor heauen can stande,  
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods  
To make me exile from all blessednes.  
Haue I for this lost honor and renowme,  
Become a scandall to the vulgar world, 1510



*The Coblers Prophecie.*

And thus to be repaide? Ah breake my hart,  
Had all these euils false vpon my head,  
And millions of more harmes than heauen could heap,  
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,  
Rewarded me thus vlie with Contempt.

*Con:* Shape of collusion, mirrour of deceit,  
Faile forme with foule deformities defilde.  
Know that I am Contempt in nature scornefull,  
Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:  
That while I ioyde in glorie and account,  
Disdainde all vertue, and contemnd all vice.  
Good, bad, were held with me of equall price.  
And now the waning of my greatnesse comes,  
Occasioned by thy loue, whome Mars affected,  
And I that all despisde am now reiected.  
For which I thee reiect, disdainde and hate,  
VVishing thee die a death disconsolate.

1520

*Venus:* Yet once regard me as a thing regardles,  
Thou art the abiects wretch aliue esteemed,  
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:  
I scorned, thou hated, each like other being,  
Liue we together void of other being.

1530

*Con:* Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life,  
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea:  
Leaue to sollicit him that loathes thy looks,  
Spitting vpon thy faces painted pride  
I will forsake thee, and in silence shrowd  
This loathed trunke despised and abhord,

*Exit.*

*She offers to follow, he drives her backe.*

*Venus:* So flies the murderer from the mangled lims,  
Left limles on the ground by his fell hand.  
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,  
Which when his fell stomacke is of hunger stancht.  
Thou murdrer, Tyger, glutted with my faire,

1540

G

Leaust

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

Leaſt me forſaken, map of griefe and care.

O what is beauty humbled to the baſe,

That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?

O what is fauor in an obſcure place?

Like vnto Pearles that for the ſwine are bought :

Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,

1550

Proues foule, deformd, and like a ſhadow glides.

Ah that my woe could other women warne,

To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life :

For me too late, for them fit time to learne,

The honour of a maid and conſtant wife,

One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,

The laſt like Lampes both earth and heauen lights.

But the foule horror of a harlots name,

Euen of the Lecher counted as a ſcorne :

VVhoſe forhead beares the marke of hatefull ſhame,

1560

Of the luſt-louer hated and forlorne.

O ſuch is Venus, ſo ſhall all ſuch bee

As vſe baſe luſt, and foule adulterie.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Prieſt, and Scholler : then*

Sc. xii

*compaſſe the ſtage, from one part let a ſmoke ariſe :*

*at which place they all ſtay.*

*Pri:* Immortall mouer of this glorious frame,

That circles vs about with wonder great,

Receiue the offerings of our humble harts

And bodies proſtrate on the lowly earth.

1570

*They all kneele downe.*

Our finnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,

And turnd our peace to miſerie and warre :

But if repentant foules may purchaſe grace,

VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,

Hereafter more reformd than wee haue done.

For pride, we entertaine humilitie :

For our preſumption, due obedience :

Loue

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

Loue for Contempt, and chaſtitie for luſt:  
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,  
In which our finnes are caſt, and there conſume.  
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,  
And be propitious to the penitent.

1580

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſen:* Riſe from the humble earth my Noble Lord,  
Riſe vp yee Priests, Princes, and people riſe,  
And heare the glaſſome tidings I vnfold,  
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

*They all riſe and caſt incenſe into the fire.*

*Duke:* For that ſweete voice offerd to vs by man,  
Caſt ſweeteſt incenſe into holy fires,  
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,  
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

1590

*Meſſen:* VVhen Sateros my Lord had brought your power,  
In view of our preſuming enemies:  
And equall place was choſen for the field,  
He ſent a Herrald, willing them reſtore,  
The wrongs that in Boætia they had done,  
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,  
Or els reſolue on doubtfull chance of warre.

1600

They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,  
Returnd an anſwere filled with diſdaine.  
Then was the ſignall giuen, and ſtremars red,  
Menacing blood on either ſide aduancde.  
Drums, Fifes, and Trumpets drownd the cries of men,  
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens ſwords.  
Mars there ſhowd ruthles rage on either part,  
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke.  
Duſt dimd the ſunnes light, and the powders ſmoke,  
Seemd like thicke Clouds in ayre conglomerate.  
Thus was ſeauen houres conſumde, and doubtfull chaunce  
Sometime with vs, ſometime with them abode:  
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge  
To ſound retreate, which made the hopefull Foe,

1610



*The Coblers Propheſie.*

Purſue regardleſſe our retyring bands,  
That being knit together in firme ranke,  
Afreſh purſude their ſtragling followers.  
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,  
Before the Cickle and the Reapers hand:  
In brieſe, ſome fled, moſt ſlaine, and many taken  
Haue left the honour to Boætia.

1620

*Duke:* To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,  
For thy reward receiue this recompence:

*The Duke giues him his upper garment.*

Our ſelues will forward to ſalute our friends,  
That fought for honour of Boætia.  
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,  
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead betweene Mars  
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,  
and other ſouldiers.*

*Sc. xiii*

*Mars:* Thus Sateros haue we aſſiſted thee,  
Our true ſworne ſouldier, worthy man at Armes,  
And the Boætian Duke hath heauen appeaſde,  
By firing falſe Contempt and loathed luſt.  
Mercurie the ſonne and meſſenger of Ioue  
VVith me ſhall paſſe vnto my warlike houſe.  
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,  
That longs to ſee thee, and requite thy paine.

1632

*Sat:* To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie  
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety.

1640

*Raph:* Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,  
Raph Cobler may curſe the time that he ere knew your cōpany.

*Mer:* VVhat mine man?

*Raph:* I yours, what reaſon had you to make my wife mad?  
I and ſo mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophet?

*Mer:* It was the ſecret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros ſpeak  
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remit hir fault.

*Sateros*

*The Coblers Prophecie.*

*Sat:* It shall be done.

*Mars:* Is this the Prophet?

1650

*Raph:* I that it is, that told you your owne when twas.

*Mars:* Sateros vse him well.

*Raph:* Nere doubt you that: are yee bemembred since ye told him, if ye fet your selfe against the Gods they would driue you out of heauen.

*Mars:* VVell what of that?

*Raph:* Faith at that time the world might well haue afforded you a Cart to ride in.

*Sat:* Go too Raph, cease.

*Raph:* I, I, and great folke doo amisse,  
Poore folke must hold their peace.

1660

*Mer:* Mars shall we hence?

*Mars:* I, farewell Sateros. *Exeunt Mars and Mercurie.*

*Enter with honour the Duke and his traine.*

*Duke:* VVelcome braue fouldier, welcome to you all,  
Ioy stops my words, I cannot speake my minde,  
But in this triumph passe we to the Court,  
VVhere you shall all receiue your due deserts.

*Sat:* Thanks Noble Lord.

*Raph:* VVhat shall I doo then, and my wife?

1670

*Duke:* I will prouide for thee, and pardon her.

*Raph:* Faith then farewell the Court;  
For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,  
But since my mad wife, has changde her mad life,  
Ile euen leaue to be a Prophet speaker,  
Take clouting leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the  
gentle craft the Cobler.

*Zelot:* I Raph that will be fittest for vs.

*Duke:* Come Sateros let me yet honour thee,  
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,  
And tooke in worth our worthles sacrifice,  
VVherein Contempt and Lust with old ingratitude,

1680

*The Coblers Propheſie.*

Haue periſhed like Fume that flies from fire.  
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,  
Thy deedes ſhall be rewarded worthily :  
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,  
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,  
Counſell preuents, counſell preuailes in warre.

*Sat:* My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,  
VVhen ſouldiers faile good Letters to defend.

1690

*Sch:* Let euery Scholler be a Souldiers friend,  
As I am friend to thee and ſo will reſt.

*Raph:* I ſo liue, and yee are bleſt.  
How faſt thou Zelote is not that life beſt.

*Duke:* Then with due praiſe to heauen let vs depart,  
Our State ſupported both by Armes and Art.

*Exeunt.*

*Fortuna Crudelis.*

*FINIS:*







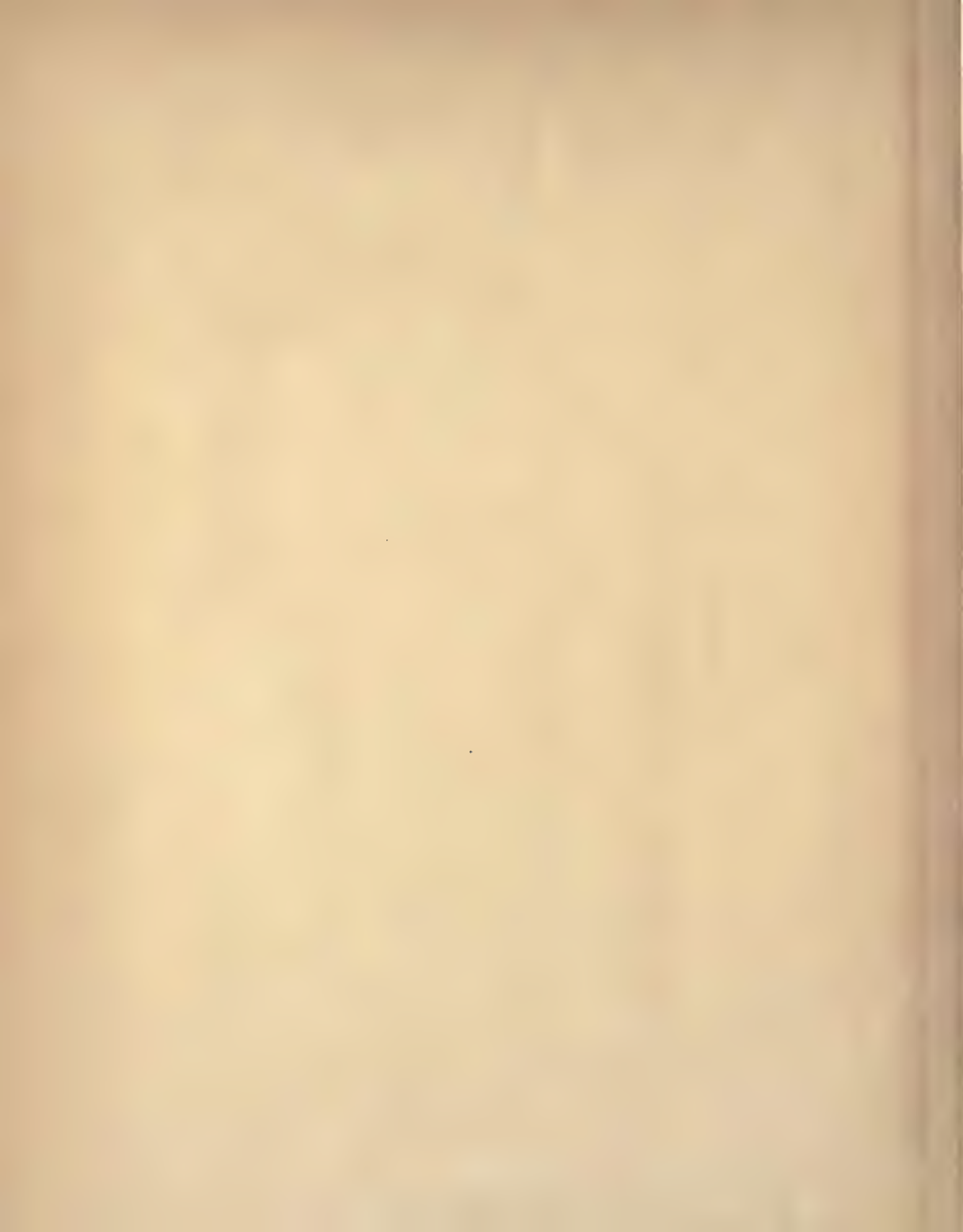




















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